

# HERALD SPORTING NEWS

## SALISBURY WILL DEFEND TITLE

Last Year's Tennis Champion Returns From East in Time to Get in Game.

The announcement was made yesterday that Jimmy Salisbury, last year's intermountain tennis champion, would defend his title this year. Early in the season Salisbury announced that he would not be in the city during the tournament and would not, therefore, be able to meet the winner of the tournament this season for the championship, thereby losing the title by default. Walker Salisbury announced yesterday that his brother had been able to get back in time and had decided to defend the title. The Salisbury brothers hold the title in doubles, but as Walker has already played in the doubles match between Myers and Conrad was played, Myers winning. The finals in the women's doubles were postponed until today on this account. Today's program and the results are as follows:

**Results.**  
Myers defeated Conrad, 6-1, 7-5.  
McLeod beat George Taylor, 6-4, 7-5 (consolations).

**Today's Schedule.**  
Women's doubles—Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. Lyons vs. Miss Williams and Miss Thorne for championship of intermountain states.  
Myers vs. Garrett, semi-finals, 4 p. m.  
Neel vs. Brown, semi-finals, 5 p. m.  
Men's singles, consolation—Townsend vs. Milan, 9 p. m.; Raymond vs. George Smith, 5 p. m.; McCormick vs. Whitney, 3 p. m.

Men's doubles, consolation—Cox and Taylor vs. Collins and McCormick, 2 p. m.; Milan and Smith vs. Thompson and Griffin, 3 p. m.; winners of Cox-Taylor vs. Collins-McCormick match vs. Taylor and Boyd, 3 p. m.; winners of Milan-Smith vs. Thompson-Griffin match vs. Rainsford and Townsend, 4 p. m.

## GOLF TOURNEY STARTS.

Handicaps Are Announced for President's Cup.

Full tournament play for the various club cups and the championship of the state will begin at the Country club today, when the qualifying round for the President's cup will be played. The play is on a handicap basis, first sixteen to qualify on medal scores. Handicaps fixed by the greens committee are as follows:

Hale, J. C. Taylor, McGarrin and Thompson, scratch; Wicks, 2; Steiner, 2; E. W. Packard, 3; W. L. Ellerbeck, 3; Niles, 10; Will Brown, 10; W. Salisbury, 18; Cannon, 10; Worthington, 18; Brodie, 18; Lamb, 10; Knox, 18; Gemmill, 12; Igleheart, 2; Hampton, 12; Reid, 12; Heinitz, 10; Schuler, 18; Pearsall, 10. All handicaps are for the 18 holes required to qualify.

## FIGHT AT MURRAY.

Kid Bell and Kid Selby Meet This Evening.

The fight between Kid Bell and Kid Selby is scheduled for Murray this evening, the preliminaries starting at 8:30 p. m. Jack Downey of Denver and Young Sharkey of Salt Lake will be the main preliminary, and in addition there will be a battle royal between five colored pigs of this city. The colored population of the valley will probably be in attendance.

There is none better that Royal Bread. The crown label is on every loaf. Ask your grocer for it.

## FIGHTERS AGREE AT LAST

Ogden Battle on Labor Day Is Nearly Called Off.

(Special to The Herald.)  
Ogden, Aug. 30.—After a whole lot of quibbling, during which the fight scheduled for Labor day, between "Cyclone" Thompson and "Boer" Unholz was called off, the representatives of the two men signed articles this afternoon. The agreement contains all that was contended for by "Rawhide" Kelly, manager for Thompson, and provides for a 60 and 40 per cent split of the purse, straight Queensberry rules, Tom Painter as referee, each man to be in the ring not later than 7 o'clock on the day of the battle, and catch weights. Thompson is the favorite in what little betting there is going on. Unholz has already made many friends in this city.

## BIKE RACES TONIGHT.

★ Owing to the cold weather the ★ races last night at the Salt Palace ★ were postponed until tonight. ★ The full program will be given this evening. ★ It will be the first time the ★ bike races have ever been held on ★ Saturday night. ★ Many people ★ believe they will draw the ★ crowds just as well. ★

## MAY SUTTON STILL TRAINING.

Niagara on Lake, Ont., Aug. 30.—In the international tennis tournament today Miss Sutton, of California, won from Miss Hedley, of Ontario, in the straight championship by a score of 6-0, 6-0. Miss Hedley had her opponent up to twelve many times, but Miss Sutton's superior control won out.

## NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Pittsburg, Aug. 30.—Scores:  
First game—Pittsburg 2, R. H. E. 6  
Chicago 1, 4 2  
Second game—Pittsburg 2, R. H. E. 6  
Chicago 1, 4 2

Boston, Aug. 30.—Score:  
Boston 3, R. H. E. 4  
New York 1, 3 3  
Game called at end of sixth inning.

## BALL GAME AT LAGOON.

John Dubel's colts and the Bountiful team met in a match game at Lagoon this afternoon. Since the Bountiful team defeated the Telluride bunch they have been after Dubel's scalp, and a warm game is expected. Dubel plays Park City at Park City tomorrow and Monday.

## A FLOAT AND AGROUND.

(Indianapolis News.)  
The summer sails that dot the lake, and swim along as wavelets break. A feeling bring of calm content. Though one's vacation's almost spent. And homeward soon his way he'll take.

Forgotten for the time each ache. And life is lived for life's own sake. When one's untrodden gaze is bent On summer trails.

But still one has to make a break. And get back home so he can make. A lot of dough. He can prevent Her spending every blessed cent. When she hears—through some fake—Of summer sales.

## DESCRIPTION ENOUGH.

(Cleveland Leader.)  
Smouch—Who's the homely woman over there?  
Grouch—My wife.  
Smouch—But you haven't looked to see which one I mean.  
Grouch—I don't need to.

## A PARADOXICAL CHALLENGE.

(Baltimore American.)  
"Women are so inconsistent."  
"What's happened now?"  
"Marie told her young man that she would never marry him while he used tobacco in any shape or form, and that he could put that in his pipe and smoke it."

## BALL PLAYERS DO FUNNY STUNTS

Monotony of Long Journeys Broken by Playing Jokes on Passengers.

(Chicago Tribune.)  
Practical jokes are the bane of life for any man who is forced to travel with a ball club during the summer months. The man who escapes falling the victim of some alleged wag at least once a week is lucky.

Anything serves to pass away the time during the long jumps from city to city. Poker, of course, or cribbage, helps some, but there are hours and hours during which time hangs heavily, and it is not surprising that among eighteen or twenty healthy athletes there always are two or three ready for trouble.

The wit usually is of the slapstick variety. Jerking a sleeper out of an upper berth by the feet is considered a charming bon mot by some of the fellows; but there are times when real jokes are perpetrated, and when the antics of the fellows who are suffering from an excess of health are real funny.

Years ago, when Big Dan McGann was a youngster, playing with the Baltimore team, he was moving south to join his club at Macon, and fell in with the Chicago club. Dan had been saying farewell to his admirers at home, and came aboard with a solemn and majestic "bum" on his face. He had covered the Chicago club was on the same train and that his old Eastern League friend, Tom Burns, was in charge, he conceived the idea that it would be a grand thing to pull off a joke on Tom.

His intention to several players, who sat up with him and waited until Burns retired, ignorant of McGann's presence. By that time Dan was as solemn as a stuffed owl. He had evaded a joke. It consisted of pouring a little ice water over his sleeping friend, T. Burns.

Up to that point the joke didn't look promising, but McGann asked Jimmy Ryan where Burns was sleeping, and Ryan informed him "lower six." As a matter of fact, Burns was reposing safely in the stateroom. McGann, water in hand, slipped up to lower six, parted the curtains and dumped the water.

The gang that was waiting in the smoking compartment for developments heard a terrific row, sounds of a wild encounter, and Dan came in, looking rather foolish, and whispered that he had got the wrong berth and wetted down a Cincinnati traveling man.

Everybody tried to smooth over the affair—and the traveling man retired, still muttering, and hunted up a dry nightie. Some one ordered another bottle of beer and for a couple of hours everything was quiet. Then Dan began reverting to his joke. He could not bear to be disappointed, and he knew his old friend Burns would be glad to see him. He finally filled his glass with water again and prepared for the grand joke.

"What berth did you say he was in?" he asked, solemnly.  
"Lower six," responded Ryan, seriously.  
That time the traveling man was bent on murder—and only the active and urgent movements of the porter and conductor prevented trouble.

Ryan was the instigator of a similar joke at Hot Springs one training season. The Chicago and Minneapolis teams, part of the Cleveland team, and a great crowd of fans were there, and there were merry doings. One night some one won a lot of money and the fun was redoubled. Shortly before midnight a crowd of the Indians paid up a call—seven or eight of them—in order to show me what a beautiful ac-

cumulation Tim Donohue was carrying. We sent for a few bottles of beer, and then started an argument, which, of course, was to involve Tim. The argument grew louder and louder. The noise was terrific.

In a few minutes a man began beating on the opposite side of a connecting door.

"You fellows cut it out and go to bed," he said, angrily. "I've got to get some sleep and catch an early train."

Some one threw a beer bottle at the door.

We were quiet for a few minutes, then some one prodded Tim up on the argument, and the noise was resumed. The man next door pleaded, entreated, and threatened. Finally, after exhausting all language, he declared he would appeal to the hotel management.

Thereupon the argument subsided. Everybody was sitting around finishing his bottle of beer and Tim was lying on the bed half asleep. For perhaps an hour we were respectfully quiet—and the man next door was back in the land of dreams. Then Ryan started.

"It's a shame the way you treated that fellow, Tim," he said.  
"Why, I wasn't making any noise."  
"Yes, you were. All the rest of us were trying to keep you quiet."

"Me?" demanded Tim again. "Why, I wasn't saying a word."  
"Why, you waked him up three times," said Ryan.  
"I'll leave it to the gang if I was making any noise," said Tim.  
Of course everybody sided with Ryan.

"You ought to apologize," remarked Ryan.  
"Well," said Tim, "if I did anything wrong I'm ready to apologize."  
"Why don't you do it?" demanded Ryan.

Whereupon Tim arose, went into the hallway, beat upon the persecuted one's door until he awoke, swearing, and apologized.

The language of the man was shocking.

Elmer Foster was the grandest joker that ever broke into the business. His sense of humor was so keen that anything short of manslaughter seemed tame. His range of jokes extended from justifiable homicide to assault with intent to kill.

Foster wasn't a bad fellow—indeed, he was one of the best—but he had been endowed with about 200 pounds of extra steam and no safety valve. One had to watch him with one eye all the time, to prevent compound fractures or something of that sort.

One Old Defenders' day in Boston Foster came to me with an extremely serious face—which in itself would have been a warning—and commenced in the most impressive way to tell me and some others about certain men who were disgraces to the profession.

"No wonder," he said, impressively, "that some people look with loathing and contempt upon ball players. Such men disgrace the entire profession."

This from Foster portended something. Finally he charged that Jack Luby was the man, and furthermore that said Jack was then asleep in his room and in bad shape.

Everybody tried to shy, suspecting Foster had some plan, but he was at a white heat of indignation.  
"Come with me. I'll teach him a lesson," he said.

Luby was sleeping peacefully in his room when Foster arrived.  
There he lies," he said, dramatically. "A disgrace. I'll teach him."

He drew a huge cannon firecracker from his pocket, lighted the fuse, threw it under the bed, locked the door and threw the key over the transom. An instant later there was a terrific explosion, and Luby was yelling for help.

"Help, help," he yelled. "The hotel is afire."  
He reached the door and found it locked, and began yelling again.  
"The key is on the floor," said Fos-

ter, coldly. "This will teach you not to break the rules."

It required a chemical engine to extinguish the blaze, but as the hotel management never discovered the origin of the blaze the club escaped.

Win a cash prize at Saltair Labor day.

## HARD LINES.

(San Antonio Express.)  
Dr. Austin Flint, the famous alienist, said at the Century club in New York apropos of a will contest that had been tried last year.

"The plaintiff lost, and no wonder. His case was as difficult a one as that of the young man who appeared unduly depressed after the death of his rich aunt."

"Why are you so sad?" an acquaintance said to the young man. "You never appeared to care much for your aunt."

"I didn't," said the youth dolefully; "but I was the means of keeping her in an insane asylum the last five years of her life, and now that she has left me all her money I've got to go to court and prove that she was of sound mind."

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